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STONE WALLS



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— EDITORIAL —

At last the long, cold winter is over and beautiful spring is here. This year, in particular, a change of season is most welcomed. It will help us recover our stability, after having witnessed with emotional shock and anguish, the disastrous flight of the Challenger, with its patriotic seven, who took a risk and made the ultimate sacrifice.

The seed catalogs have been carefully reviewed, and decisions made. The troublesome Income Tax forms are completed and mailed. Now, before spring house cleaning, and doing the necessary outdoor work, sit down and rest awhile, and consider being a family or town historian.

For several years now, you have intended to write your personal treasures and nostalgic memories of happenings in the "good old days" as well as "not so good old days." Now is the time to take care of this chore, so that later they may be shared with your family, relatives and possibly community.

You may consider these items as just dull old every day happenings. It is up to you, to make them exciting, by weaving in, descriptions, anecdotes, illustrations and other colorful data; all will help capture the imagination and curiosity of the reader.

Keeping a diary is a simple way of recording events. Embellish each entry with detail. If you don't, a diary can be dull and uninteresting. A diary may be kept daily or by the week. You will find personal satisfaction when you look over your work, and your family will be proud of you. Later if some of your work gets into print, and is read by the public you will enrich their lives, and in turn will sharpen their appreciation of you, your family, and town.

Start now and be your family or town's historian!

Helena W. Duris

Cover by Karin Cook

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Nº 7976

A SCHOOL OF OWN COUSINS

Remarkable One In Town of Chester With 8 Pupils

All of Them Children of Two
Brothers by the Name of Perry.

Good work Done.

*Contributed by Gordon Bostock
from the Springfield Homestead
December 1910*

How would you like to go to school with no one but your own brothers, sisters and cousins? That may seem very strange to those having gone to school as children in the city, but there is such a school in the rural districts not far from Springfield, in the township of Chester, which has eight scholars, cousins all, brothers' children, five boys and three girls, named Perry. The fathers of the children, Edward and John Perry have the only children in the neighborhood old enough to attend school and they all attend the same one.

The school-house where these little cousins attend is typical of the New England back woods with its high ceiling, its smoky walls and big wood stove in the center of the room. On either side of the stove are seven seats, enough for 14 scholars. To this school with its sweet-faced girl teacher, go the little Perry cousins Charles, James, Alice, William and Walter, children of Edward Perry and Josephine and Stella, children of

John Perry. There are five grades: first, second, third, fourth and seventh, and on one side of the school sit four little Perrys, and on the other side four little Perrys, with the big wood stove between them.

This is probably the most unique school of its kind anywhere, to be found, for it requires just eight scholars to make a school in this district, in order to support one teacher, and any less would necessitate the traveling of these little folks three miles farther every morning to another district. The little Perry cousins have for their teacher, Miss Alice Bond of Waltham, who walks three miles every morning to teach this most interesting school of little Perrys.

The salary of a country "school-marm," is not large, but Miss Bond loves her work, and takes more than an ordinary interest in her school of little cousins. One can get some idea of the large field of work necessary to be covered by Miss Bond,

when one realizes that the ages of her scholars range from six to 13 years. Charles is the oldest and Josephine, the youngest. "Readin', writin', and 'rithmetic" are of course, taught, together with singing and drawing. Every two weeks, regularly, Miss Florence Babb visits the school to give music instruction. Miss Babb covers four townships, Washington, Becket, Middlefield and Chester, and the singing of the Perry scholars is as good as that in any school that she has under her supervision. Edward, the second oldest boy, is a clever musician, and had his violin at school when it was visited by a Homestead reporter, practicing for the Christmas celebration.

The hours of school differ somewhat from those of the city schools beginning at 9 o'clock in the morning and closing at 3 o'clock in the afternoon with one hour's intermission, or recess for dinner.

The standard of the work done by the Perry children is high in this comparatively out of the way spot, and problems in arithmetic are done on the blackboard with surprising quickness and accuracy. Charles is the most expert in mathematics, Edward the cleverest in music and little Josephine is an especially gifted little artist. Every second week, Miss Pauline Patch, the drawing teacher provided by the township visits the little Perry school, and the drawings of leaves and flowers that hang on the side walls are a credit to teacher and pupils alike, and although this is a back-woods school-house, these little folk know their country's history well, all about Washington and Lincoln and the signing of the Declaration of Independence, etc., a picture of which hangs on the wall, and are not lacking at all in patriotism. Every morning with their teacher the pupils sing, *My Country, 'tis of Thee!*

The Perry children are all very bright,

according to their teacher, whom they all like very much, and to whom the little girls are especially devoted. One of the little Perry boys is constantly plying the teacher with questions, and he has a pair of handsome eyes that would captivate a princess.

This school has much to recall the real little old red school house of the olden time, and just because the children are all brothers and sisters and cousins, it is by no means assured that there is not tattle-tale and that the school has no teacher's pet. Charles does most of the heavy work, in addition to studying, such as cleaning blackboards, cutting and gathering wood for the big stove which no doubt many a grown-up remembers having done in days gone by. The only things missing seem to be the duncecap and the birch-rod—as there are no dunces in this school and the children scarcely, if ever, need chastisement.

The fathers of this little school of cousins are tradesmen, and are employed in the Huntington mills. The children were delighted to have their picture taken, for it not only shows them as a most unusual school, but also as two family groups of brothers' children, and, never having had their pictures taken before, they posed for the reporters camera with great delight.

Charles the oldest boy will be 16 years of age next year, and his parents may decide to send him to work, but there are one or two more little Perrys who will be old enough to go to school in another year. Otherwise, the school seems likely to be conducted just as at present for some time to come.

(This school was located
on Mica Mill Road)

— Dicie Flats —

Worthington Road, Huntington, Massachusetts
March "36" Flood





Lizzie Dell Wallace Childs

Part II

Continued from Winter Issue
1985-1986

by Mrs. Frances Knox Childs

From her very earliest days Lizzie had attended church regularly. Her father sat with the choir, for he was the leader, but she and Edith sat with their mother near the front on the right hand side of the church in Mashapaug village. The church had been built while Newton and Adelle had lived in Mashapaug and Newton had made the pulpit. Even when a very young child Lizzie attended the weekly prayer meeting with her parents and said a Bible verse she had memorized. At the beginning it would be only three words, such as, "God is love," or "Be ye kind."

After moving to Ludlow the family attended the Ludlow Union Church. Lizzie was active in the Christian Endeavor Society, the prayer meeting and Bible study groups, and often was pianist for these meetings. During this time she received Christian baptism and became a member of the church. Mr. Quick, the minister, had come to the Wallace home to talk with her about becoming a member, asking her several questions about her Christian beliefs. "That night," she wrote many years later, "as I lay awake thinking about the conversation, a verse from the Old Testament kept going through my mind: 'Choose you this day



whom you will serve.' I chose. It was a quiet, unemotional choice, but one that gave me peace, quietness and assurance all my life, and I have never regretted having chosen to serve the Lord."

When Lizzie wrote to her grandmother Wallace one spring she said, "If it is pleasant Memorial Day we plan to hire a team and go to the exercises." Memorial Day was a very important time for the Wallace family. Every year for more than twenty-five, Newton Wallace, almost six feet tall, wore his Civil War uniform with the bright red parade sash and the polished sword buckled to his side. He joined other Civil War veterans in the parade march and listened gravely as a speaker gave remarks appropriate for the day. Lizzie, Edith and William followed the soldiers to the cemetery and decorated the graves with spring flowers.

When Newton Wallace was twenty years old he had enlisted for a three year term with the Union Army and had spent most of that time in North Carolina. He

participated in sixteen major engagements besides numerous minor skirmishes. He was wounded in the lower jaw while on a skirmish at Port Walthall, Virginia, about three miles from Petersburg. While he was in the hospital he learned that almost all of his regiment had been killed or taken prisoner. In his diary he wrote: "How good has been God's providence in preserving my unworthy life while others have been cut down... May He give me grace to devote the remainder of my life to His service."

Following the war Newton was a member of the Massachusetts G.A.R., and held various positions in the local post including Commander.

Later in life Lizzie wrote of that time when she was growing up in Ludlow:

"Those were the days when the hulled corn cart came and mother would buy a quart which we ate with milk. Another came with yeast and we paid a few cents for a ladle of yeast. A farmer came over from Wilbraham each week with butter, eggs, etc. Butter was twenty-five cents a pound. Frequently a pack pedlar brought his wares to our door. A pack pedlar walked miles, knocking at each house, and most people invited him in. He took his pack from his back, opened it and laid things out on the table. Such an array of dress goods, garments and notions made us wonder how he got such a variety into such a pack. We almost always bought something, — a spool of thread, some pins or darning cotton. In later years the pedlar carried two heavy suitcases. One pedlar had a round hole in the side of his shoe. He explained that he had to make it because his bunion hurt and he had to walk so much.

"We saved our rags and worn out rubbers for the Tin Pedlar. In the cellar way were four nails on which hung two gunny sacks. In one we put colored rags

and in the other, white. We received a better price that way as the white were worth more, but the rubbers brought the most. Every scrap of cloth was saved and exchanged for tin ware. After the tin pedlar hooked his scales into the gunny sacks and weighed our rags, he would tell us how many tin pans or kettles we would be able to get in exchange. When the business was completed he drove on with his covered cart."

In February of 1896 Lizzie and her family moved from Ludlow to Amherst, Massachusetts. Newton Wallace had secured a position as a first class electrical engineer at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, which later became the University of Massachusetts.

When Newton had begun work eight years earlier as a carpenter at the Ludlow Mills, the carpentry shop was in the same room as the dynamos that supplied electricity for the mill. Mr. Dodge, the electrician, was a friendly man and Newton observed his work, asked questions about operating the dynamos, visited other electrical plants, borrowed books from the library, and subscribed to an electrical magazine. With these studies, even though his only schooling had been part time in a district school, he passed an examination that others with a more formal education failed and was licensed a First Class Electrical Engineer.

Newton Wallace continued in his position at the Massachusetts Agricultural College until he retired twenty-one years later. During that time he planned and supervised the installation of a central heating system, taught courses to the agricultural students on the care and use of engines, and supervised a large crew of workers.

Lizzie was a great admirer of her father, but reported in her later writings that while they lived in Ludlow, "Father

realized that mother could handle money better than he, and so he began turning his wages over to her. Mother began putting a little in the bank." Her careful management made it possible to build their own house in Amherst, give their children good educations, and provide a full life for the family.

Lizzie was nearing her seventeenth birthday when her family moved to Amherst. The previous summer she and her father had gone to Boston to have her eyes examined again. The new glasses seemed to help her see a little better at a distance. Although her eye problems prevented her from attending high school yet, she did resume studying music, taking a lesson every two weeks from Miss Annie Crowell, who was considered the best piano teacher in the area. Within two months following her arrival in Amherst Newton wrote to his mother that "Lizzie has been in several entertainments and concerts and such like." That fall Lizzie wrote to her grandmother, "I am still taking music lessons every two weeks and have to play at a musicale to be held in the Amherst Hotel Parlors in a week or two. Shall also play a duet with Professor Maynard's daughter if nothing happens."

That first winter in Amherst Lizzie's mother was ill for several weeks. Edith was away teaching school. "Lizzie had all the work to do and is well," so Newton wrote. "Her eyes are about the same but she uses them more than she did. She is the standby in the house. I don't know how we could get along without her."

During these years Lizzie's time was much occupied with her music. In addition to having piano pupils who paid for their lessons she had one or more pupils that she taught without charge, including her young brother William. She also began the study of the pipe organ. Aside from two lessons on the

Vocalion (an instrument like a pipe organ but having reeds instead of pipes) at the Universalist Church, she was self taught. She gave herself lessons from her organ book, asked questions of the men who tuned or repaired pipe organs, and practiced all one summer on the pipe organ at the Agricultural College. For six months she went each weekend by train to Belchertown to play the pipe organ for the services at the Congregational Church. The choir rehearsals were held on Saturday night and were very difficult times for Lizzie. Kerosene oil lamps provided the only light and this was so dim it was a great strain on her eyes to see the music.

In a Christmas letter to her grandmother she wrote: "Sunday is going to be a very busy day for me. The organist at the Unitarian Church is away so I have to play for the morning service there and then go to my own church and teach a Sunday School class. In the afternoon I have to sing in a chorus and in the evening lead the Christian Endeavor meeting.

Lizzie attended regularly both morning and evening the First Congregational Church in Amherst where her father was a deacon for awhile. In the Sunday School she taught class of teen-age boys, and in the Junior Christian Endeavor, assisted with the program. She and most of her friends were active members of the Senior Christian Endeavor. Christian Endeavor members were desirous of promoting the spiritual life of young people and conscientiously accepted the Society's motto, "For Christ and the Church."

Christian Endeavor began in 1881 as a small society in a single New England Church, but the idea was taken up by other churches in America and spread to other countries. In 1898 the World Convention of Christian Endeavor was

held in Boston, and her father took Lizzie to some of the meetings. The first gathering was held in Mechanics Hall, but the crowd was so large Lizzie and her father were among those who were unable to enter the building. Dr. Francis E. Clark, the founder, came out and spoke to the overflow crowd gathered on the steps. Lizzie and her father, while attending this convention, provided their own meals. One time they ate "luscious blackberries and pears" while seated on the steps of Faneuil Hall. Between meetings she visited a museum where she saw very old music books with square notes. From the convention she carried away an appreciation of the Christian Endeavor Society that led her in the years to come to start several such groups.

It was the very first Sunday evening after the Wallace family moved to Amherst that Lizzie accepted the invitation of a girl to attend the Amherst Christian Endeavor Society. There she met Stephen Whitcomb Fletcher, a senior at Amherst College, who asked to escort the girls home. Lizzie thought Steve must be Susan's beau, but the next day Susan told her that he had never gone with a girl since he entered college. About a month later on her seventeenth birthday, Steve Fletcher sent Lizzie a dozen beautiful red carnations and went with her regularly until her sister Edith returned to Amherst for the summer vacation. Edith had been teaching in Montclair, New Jersey, following her graduation from the Westfield Normal School. Steve's interest was then centered on Edith and a few years later they were married.

Lizzie, however, had not confined her attention to Steve, for when he stopped of an evening at the Wallace home, tired from his studies and working his way through college, he often visited with Lizzie's mother while Lizzie entertained

from one to three Amherst College students in the parlor. When writing about this she explained: "Father said he did not care how many I had if they were nice fellows and came to the house, but I was not to meet them on the street corner. They never stayed late for at nine P.M. father would shake the coal fire and wind the clocks and make it evident that it was time for them to go."

Next to the Wallace home was a house where four Amherst College boys roomed. Often they invited Lizzie to accompany them to some of the many social functions at the college, and in warm weather they frequently jumped over the picket fence between the yards for a game of croquet.

One of these students took piano lessons from Lizzie and practised on her piano. His name was Irving Hobart Childs. Irving's college studies were in preparation for attending a seminary and becoming a minister. His father, James Hobart Childs, was a Congregational minister, and Irving would be the sixth generation of Congregational ministers in his family.* Irvings's mother, Mary Jane Bailey Childs,** had died when he was a young boy. When only nine years old he had given testimony to his Christian faith and had become a member of the church at Northbridge Center, Massachusetts, where his father was the minister. After his first wife's death Irving's father had married Susan Blake, a returned missionary from Armenia. In Irving's family, in addition to his brother James Richmond Childs, were Alice, Maurice Frederick, Arthur Vincent, Carrie Longfellow and Leila Margaret.

When Irving was thirteen he entered Worcester Academy. During his second year, (October 1890) he had appendicitis and peritonitis, and for two weeks the doctor despaired of his life. The following December he had a relapse with scarlet

fever and diphtheria, and on New Year's Day the doctor was sure Irving could not live through the night. God answered the prayers of his parents and by morning he began to improve. When he had completed two years at Worcester Academy, his great aunt Sophia Hobart offered to pay all of his expenses and those of his brother James Richmond, if they would transfer to St. Johnsbury Academy in Vermont. In 1896 Irving graduated at St. Johnsbury and entered Amherst College.

Lizzie Wallace and Irving Childs became very good friends and both were interested in dedicating their lives to missionary service in Africa. Irving was planning on seminary training following his graduation from Amherst, and Lizzie entered the Northfield Bible Training School in Northfield, Massachusetts. She was a student there from September 1900 to March 1902. In December of her first year she wrote to her grandmother: "I am engaged to a junior at Amherst College. His name is Irving H. Childs. He is the son of a minister and is going to be a minister himself. He is the most thoughtful young man I ever knew and is thoroughly good. I have a handsome diamond ring as an engagement ring."

While studying at Northfield, Lizzie enlisted the help of another student to overcome the problem of her poor vision. All students were required to do some domestic work. Lizzie did her own, and that of another girl who read many of her lessons to her in exchange. Lizzie made good progress in her studies. She wrote to her grandmother: "I received my report card from school last week and I was marked good in German and everything else was excellent."

During her second year at Northfield Lizzie, accompanied by Irving, attended a Student Volunteer Convention in

Toronto. Her father wrote about it in this way: "Lizzie is away most of the time at Northfield. Just now she is attending a convention of mission students at Toronto, Canada. She was sent as a delegate from her school by an almost unanimous vote and had her expenses paid by the school. She will be gone a week."

Lizzie completed her course of study at Northfield in the spring of 1902 and returned to her home in Amherst for the summer. The previous summer her sister Edith had been married to Steve Fletcher at a simple ceremony in the Wallace home. Steve already had a position as a teacher in a college out west, and after a brief honeymoon at Marblehead they planned to travel directly to Pullman, Washington. After the young couple left Amherst, Lizzie's mother became very disturbed, believing that she would never see Edith again. Her disturbance continued to increase and the family feared her mind would be affected. Irving Childs located Edith and Steve and learned their travel plans. He withdrew some of his savings from the bank and took Adelle Wallace to New York by train. There they met Edith and Steve and joined them on the steamer for their trip up the Hudson to Albany. When they reached Albany the newly-weds went west, and Irving and Mrs. Wallace returned to Amherst. Her mind seemed at rest. She had seen Edith again and had had a nice visit. It was, however, the last time she saw her alive. The following summer Edith died very suddenly of diabetes. It was a great shock to the family.

Newton wrote to his mother on Friday, June 27, 1902: "We are in trouble here. I write to tell you we had a telegram from Steve Fletcher at Pullman that Edith is dead. She was taken Monday and died

yesterday morning. Don't know the particulars. He starts east this morning and we expect to have the funeral next Wednesday at 2 o'clock P.M. It has come so sudden we can hardly realize it. We got a letter this morning written by her last Sunday and mailed Monday morning. She was well then and planning their vacation."

At the time of Edith's death Irving had one more year of seminary training to complete. He had already been accepted for missionary work under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (Congregational) in Bailundu, Africa. Because the family feared the effect Edith's death might have on her mother, it seemed unwise for Lizzie to plan to be at such a distance from her. Irving discussed the problem with the mission secretary and it seemed best for him to relinquish his plans for serving in Africa. Although this was a great disappointment to both Lizzie and Irving they trusted God to direct them into Christian

work nearer home that would permit them to further the work of missions so dear to their hearts. Several years later it was discovered how providential the change in life work had been, for it was found that Irving was allergic to quinine. In order to have lived in malaria ridden west Africa, he would have had to return to the States, if he had not already succumbed to the fever.

On June 19, 1903, Irving Hobart Childs and Lizzie Dell Wallace were married in her parents' home in Amherst. Lizzie had made her white silky muslin wedding dress. Her brother William played *Elsa's Dream* from Lohengrin for the wedding march. Irving's sisters, eleven-year-old Carrie and seven-year-old Leila, carried flowers and the rings. Maidenhair ferns that Lizzie and Irving had gathered banked the bay window in the dining room where they stood to repeat their wedding vows and where Irving's father, Rev. James Hobart Childs pronounced them man and wife. There were just



fifteen seated for the wedding breakfast. Irving's family had come from North-bridge; his brother, James Richmond, a senior at Amherst, and his fiance were present, as were also two friends of Lizzie's. Grandpa and grandma Harris had come from Florence. Lizzie had invited her grandmother Wallace in Union Connecticut, but she had been unable to attend. It was a quiet home wedding, for less than a year had passed since Edith's casket had stood in the parlor and the family and friends had gathered for the funeral.

When Irving and Lizzie returned to Amherst from their wedding trip to Boston and Plymouth, Lizzie's mother took them to Springfield where she bought the piano they chose for their new home. The new piano and their other possessions were shipped by train to Benson, Vermont, a pretty little country town a few miles from the southern shores of Lake Champlain. Irving had received a call to be the minister of the Congregational Church, and had started his church duties the first Sunday in June. Showing a true missionary spirit, he had

taken his first parish in a rural area.

Before the month of June had ended Irving returned to Benson with his bride. Not far from the church was the ten room parsonage, with living arrangements, though primitive, that were similar to those of other members of the parish. Their drinking water was pumped by hand from a well in the yard and carried into the house. Another pump at the old black iron sink in the kitchen was used to raise rain water that had collected in a cistern in the cellar. Hot water was heated in teakettles and in the reservoir on the end of the large black iron kitchen range.

On September 9, 1903, neighboring ministers and church delegates gathered at the invitation of the Benson church, according to Congregational policy, to assist them in the ordination of Irving H. Childs to the Christian ministry and to install him as the minister of the Benson Congregational Church. His salary was six hundred dollars a year. Although they lived frugally, they lived comfortably. That first year they bought a horse, carriage and sleigh, which they needed to



carry out their parish work.

Lizzie learned to harness and drive the horse but had never driven more than a mile or two when the annual Sunday School picnic was planned. It was to be at the historic ruins of Fort Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain, a ride of about fifteen miles from Benson. Irving was needed to drive some children so Lizzie was asked to drive their Bonnie and take some other children with her. All went well until Lizzie reached the southern end of the lake, when a boat gave a shrill whistle which frightened the horse. Bonnie reared up on her hind legs, but Lizzie immediately snatched the whip and gave her a cut with it. She came down on her feet and began to run, but Lizzie was able to hold her and gradually slowed her to the normal traveling speed.

Not only in the Sunday School was Lizzie an active participant, but in all the church activities, and she went regularly with her husband to make calls in the parish. In the warmer weather it was in the carriage pulled by Bonnie. If a storm came up while they were driving they fastened the protective side curtains and let down the rubber covering in front, and kept as dry as possible. In the winter they traveled through their parish in the sleigh with buffalo robes tucked around them and scarves or veils over their faces, but on many of these trips they suffered greatly from the cold. One time Irving's ears were frozen, and Lizzie's fingers were often paralyzed with the cold.

A festive celebration for the entire community was the Sunday School Christmas tree. People brought gifts for their families in addition to those provided by the Sunday School for the children. At Irving and Lizzie's first Christmas, after all the gifts had been distributed, Santa Claus escorted Irving to the platform and put on him a present

from the congregation. It was a fur overcoat. This rural parish appreciated the calls and services of their young minister and had sacrificed to provide this luxury.

Lizzie had many opportunities to use her music in the church activities. Mr. Harrison, the bass singer in the choir, was very fond of music and enjoyed playing his trumpet while Lizzie accompanied him on the piano.

It was in Benson that Lizzie saw her first automobile. It belonged to one of the summer residents. The townspeople dreaded meeting it on the road for all the horses were afraid of it.

Also in Benson Irving and Lizzie had their first telephone. The ladies of the church had it installed in 1907.

On a Sunday evening in July 1905, Irving and Lizzie's first child was born. They named her Gertrude, but when her Uncle William saw her he affectionately called her Miss Bumbee, and that name remained for some time. Lizzie had read several books about caring for babies but until the time Gertrude was born had not held one more than five minutes. She found that along with the books she needed to mix a good measure of common sense. She made good use of the cradle a previous minister had left in the parsonage. While sitting to sew or read, she rocked the cradle with her toe.

Family members frequently visited Lizzie and Irving during the summer months. One time when Lizzie's parents were visiting it was decided to have a picnic at Sunset Lake, a five mile drive from the parsonage. The carriage could carry only three adults, so Lizzie and her father took turns walking. Newton walked a certain distance, the carriage waiting at the planned meeting place. Then Lizzie walked the next distance while Newton rode. Both Newton and Lizzie were fond

of walking, and enjoyed the picnic all the more for the exercise they had.

Five happy years Lizzie and Irving spent in Benson. There were tears in the congregation the Sunday Irving read his resignation and announced he was accepting a call to the Congregational church in Deerfield, Massachusetts. Benson's most aristocratic lady remarked that she was sorry he was leaving, but there was one thing she disliked about his ministry; he paid too much attention to the common people. What she considered an imperfection others believed to be a very fine trait. He was always thoughtful of everyone, but especially the underprivileged.

The moving from Benson to Deerfield was a big undertaking. Their possessions were to be sent by freight train and had to be crated or have burlap sewn on for

protection. The Benson people furnished teams and wagons to transport the goods the ten miles to the railroad station in Fair Haven. At Deerfield, the church people provided teams to take them from the station to the parsonage. Irving, Lizzie and two-and-a-half year old Gertrude arrived in Deerfield on April first, 1908. Soon after Irving returned to Benson and drove Bonnie and the carriage back to Deerfield. It was a long trip and took three days.

Deerfield was a western Massachusetts town with a noted history. In 1704 a raid by the French and Indians resulted in the massacre of forty-eight of its inhabitants and the capture of one hundred and eleven who were taken to Canada. Eventually many of these were redeemed and returned to Deerfield. They and others built picturesque homes that line the main street.



Kill or Cure

by Leona A. Clifford

An 1835 Medical Book came into my possession, via a tag sale. It is called "Dr. Ralph's Domestic Medicines." He was the inventor of two pills, that would alone, or with a little help, cure everything. Pill #1 was blue. It does not tell the color of pill #2. They seem simple to have been laxitives of different strengths.

With these pills he treated all kinds of fevers, cholera, dropsy, dyspepsia, apoplexy, water on the brain, inflammation of the bowels (and most likely appendicitis,) whopping cough, tuberculosis, etc. in fact all the ills human flesh falls heir to.

Along with them he often advised bleeding the patient with leeches or by "cupping," (once to the amount of a whole pint of blood,) ipecac, mercury tablets, laudanum, opium, quinine, or an infusion of Peruvian bark containing 20 drops of vitriol, blue? (heaven help the receiver!) paregoric, red rose or camomile tea and iron tonic made by soaking iron filings in water for two weeks, then straining and drinking a wine glass full every so often.

For an eye dropper he used a quill — (after you caught a goose).

Tuberculosis, which filled the cemeteries way back then and continued to help fill them until the middle of this century, was caused by "humors attracted to the lungs by coughing and there

deposited as tubercles." Dyspepsia was caused by "a weak stomach and a depraved condition of the gastric juice." It also caused "enlargement and abscesses of the liver and "fatal diseases of the head." (The only failure of pill #1 and #2?)

For humors of the blood he advised calomel, a derivative of mercury. Many years ago I saw a woman who had been "overdosed on mercury until her skin became and stayed grayish-blue as long as she lived.

Dr. Ralph claimed to cure acute appendicitis. In my earlier days, until antibiotics came along, this was a killer, #1 and #2 not withstanding.

In my mother's day many of these old time remedies had been done away with. Quinine was still in use for malaria, colds, etc. and we were always dosed with it if we began to snuffle and sneeze. We were given calomel pills, tiny pink sweet ones if our breath smelled "wormy." We were given sweet spirits of niter for fevers, Castoria for you know what. We were most apt to get large quantities of spearmint tea, the spearmint being gathered around spring on Grampa's farm in the fall and hung in the attic to dry. Daddy was a devotee of the thoroughwort tea but it was BITTER. One time when we began to ail and quantities of spearmint tea were consumed, and we broke out from head to

toe in just a few hours with measles.

We were rubbed well with Musterole and "oil of skunk," as one nice old lady called it when she ordered a bottle from Daddy. Mustard, flaxseed and onions were used for plasters for congested lungs. Daddy always had Hot Drops that he kept on hand. That was strong medicine! It was two thirds alcohol, one third water, prickly ash bark and red pepper, camphor gum mixed and left to steep for awhile. A spoonful of that in a glass of hot water with a bit of sugar would warm up all of you, inside and out, all over, — as good or better than my Irish mother-in-law's hot toddy of whiskey, tea and lemon!

In recent years antibiotics and other wonder drugs and remedies have

appeared. They have replaced the weird doctorings of 1837, and a lot of later ones.

You no longer get half strangled with ether or "Laughing Gas" (usually made me bawl!), if you need anesthesia. You get spinals as painless as the slight prick of a pin and drip bags of other "goodies," so that before you count to ten you are frozen and out like a light. When you wake up and thaw out you get two pills or a shot in you know where, if you need them for pain — very simple, very easy — in a few days you're off home.

Times sure have changed in 150 years and one of the greatest changes has been in medical care. Thank God for that! Reading Dr. Ralph's book inclined my hair to stand on end, and gave me a super crop of goose bumps!.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS

1885

HOW TO SWEEP

Sweeping for the well woman, is one of the best kinds of exercise. It calls into play especially the muscles of the upper extremities and chest, and indeed, it is a pretty good "thorough exercise," almost too strong for any woman with a weak heart, though this depends very much on what is to be swept. A painted floor and Canton matting sweep easily; an ingrain carpet is harder, a rag carpet is harder still, while Brussels and velvet are "awful." In any case cover your head, and if it is in the parlor or sitting room, cover your furniture

and books. Dampen your broom, let it stand ten to twenty minutes and then sweep carefully, but persistently. In the corners insert your broom repeatedly, but not frantically, until quite clean.

Heavy carpets are best swept with a quick, short strokes. In any case bring the broom towards you or even with you; do not flit it in front of you. That motion kicks up the dust and is bad for your lungs. Some things like straw, ravelings and bits of paper are best to be picked up by hand.

Tapping Our Sugar Maples

One Hundred and Forty Years Ago!

From: *Report on the Trees and Shrubs Growing Naturally in the Forest of Massachusetts*, published to an order of The Legislature by the Commissioners on the Zoological and Botanical Survey of the State. Boston, 1846.

In Massachusetts, between five hundred and six hundred thousand pounds of sugar are annually made, from the juice of the Rock Maple, valued at about eight cents a pound. The sap of all the maples of New England, and also of the birches, the lindens, the hickories and the walnuts, is watery and sweet, and contains crystallizable sugar; but none so abundantly as that of the Sugar Maple.

The Sugar Maple should not be tapped before it is 25 or 30 years old; but the process may be repeated annually as long as the tree lives. Some trees have been tapped for more than forty successive years without apparent injury. Other trees have had their growth retarded by it. This is probably owing to the wound necessarily inflicted, than to the loss of the sap, as it is found that the quality and quantity of the sap yielded are visibly improved after the first tapplings. The quality varies with the situation of the tree. In the forest, surrounded by other trees, a tree yields but one pound of sugar for fifty or sixty gallons of sap; when growing in the open ground, where it is exposed to the action of the sun through the year, a tree yields a pound from forty and sometimes even from thirty gallons. The average quantity is from twelve to twenty-four gallons each

season. In some instances it is much greater. The quantity also depends on the number of openings made in the tree.

The sap from trees growing in the maple orchards, gives an average of one pound of sugar to about forty gallons of sap; varying considerably in different years.

There are different opinions as to the character of the winters most favorable to the production of sugar. Open winters are thought to cause the sap to be sweetest; and much freezing and thawing to make it most abundant and of the best quality. Inquiries led one authority to think a cold and dry winter most favorable. It is probable that the product depends much more on the character of the previous *summer*. A summer of plentiful rain and sunshine, that is, one which furnishes the trees with abundant nutriment and is at the same time favorable to the elaboration of the saccharine matter (sugar) and its deposition in the vessels of the wood of the tree, ought naturally to prepare a plentiful harvest of sugar for the subsequent spring.

The time at which the sap begins to run freely varies with the season and with the exposure and elevation of the ground. In warm and low situations, it is earlier, in cold and elevated ones, later. It some-

times begins about the middle of February, usually about the second week in March and continues into April. A clear, bright day with a westerly wind, succeeding a frosty night, is most favorable to the flow of sap; a thawing night is thought to prevent its flow; and it ceases during a south wind, and at the approach of a storm. There are commonly from ten to fifteen "good sap days" in the sap season, which continues about six weeks. After this, in spring, and also in summer and the earlier part of autumn, sap continues to flow, but it is not rich in saccharine matter.

The sap is obtained by making an incision with a chisel and boring with a small bit, or by boring with an augur five eighths of an inch in diameter, holes inclining upwards to the depth of from two to six inches, according to the size of the tree, and inserting a spout made of elder, or most commonly, sumac, the pith of which being removed, leaves a tube large enough for the purpose. Several holes are bored so that their spouts shall lead to the same bucket, and high enough to allow the bucket to hang two or three feet from the ground, to prevent leaves and dirt from being blown in. The openings are usually made on the south and east side, where the sap begins to flow earliest, and afterwards on the north side; or more commonly, on successive sides in successive years. The sap is collected in large wooden tubs, casks, or troughs, and is evaporated by boiling over a wood fire, in iron cauldrons containing one or two barrels, or in vessels of iron or copper, 4 to 6 feet long, by 2½ to 3½ wide and 8 inches to 1 foot deep. Sap boiled in copper yields a whiter sugar than that boiled in iron, unless great pains are taken to keep the liquor always at the same level while boiling. The utmost neatness is important at every stage of the preparation and

process. In a dry, elastic atmosphere, it takes from two to four hours to boil down a barrel of sap; and a hundred weight of sugar is said to take one cord and one fourth wood. During the process of boiling, the sap or syrup is strained, lime or saleratus is added to neutralize the free acid, and the white of egg, isinglass or milk, to cause foreign substances to rise in scum to the surface. When sufficiently boiled, the syrup is poured into moulds or casks to granulate; and the uncrystallized syrup is allowed to drain off through suitable openings. By the addition of lime and clarifying substances to the remaining syrup, it may be made to yield a further quantity of sugar, as its complete crystallization is prevented by the presence of acid, alkaline, or other vegetable matters.

A writer in the *Vermont Temperance Herald*, printed at Woodstock, says, "the sap should be gathered in a tub with two heads, the upper one being four inches below the top, and perforated with a hole eight inches square, with a strainer, so that all the sap shall be strained as it enters." "Even with the upper surface of the lower head," or bottom, "the tub should be pierced by an inch auger, and to the orifice a leathern tube of the same diameter affixed, long enough to reach over the top, and be fastened while gathering." "The boiling pans should come in contact with the fire only at a part somewhat less than the whole lower surface, so that the sap may not be burnt. To this end, the fire should be kindled under a permanent arch, in the top of which are openings twenty inches square to receive the boiling pans. When the sap is reduced to syrup, it should be allowed to stand ten or twelve hours, that all remaining impurities may subside, and it should be drawn off above the sediment, and placed over the fire to

‘sugar off. Throughout the whole operation, it is better policy ‘to keep out dirt that to take it out.’”

When carefully made and purified, maple sugar is identical in its composition with that from the sugar cane. From the season, and the mode of its preparation, and the character of the persons engaged in the operation, it is ordinarily much cleaner than the foreign muscovado sugars, which are prepared usually by persons stupid and unclean, in the midst of insects and of decaying vegetation. It is desirable therefore, that its product should be increased; especially as it is made at a season of the year not occupied by other rustic employments, and from

trees whose presence along borders of cultivated lands is a shelter, a protection and an ornament to the fields which they skirt.

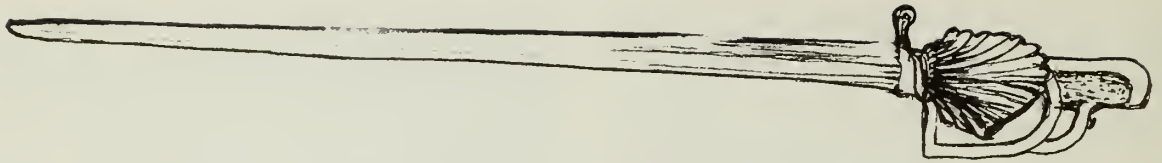
In many of our most beautiful western towns, a single or double row of Rock (Sugar) Maples is the appropriate and magnificent ornament of some of the principal streets and roads. They elevate the public taste; they may easily be made to contribute to sustain the public burden. It occurs most abundantly in the middle and western parts of Massachusetts, particularly on the moist sides of the mountains and in the little valleys amongst them.



“Flying Saucer”

Hampshire Gazette
November 26, 1861

SOUTHAMPTON — As Mr. King Clark and wife were returning home from an evening’s visit a short time since, they witnessed a bright phosphoretic light, which appeared a few rods in front of them and their horse was so frightened as to be almost unmanageable. It appeared to be about the size of a water pail and of dazzling brilliancy. It remained in a fixed position for a moment and then moved off at a rapid rate across the fields and was seen for two or three miles away.



*Credit given to Stuart Vogt
curator Springfield Armory Museum*

Newburgh, 3 May 1783

After his victory over the British at Yorktown, Washington established his headquarters at Newburgh where he could keep a watchful eye on the English forces in New York. He hastened to remind his command that peace was not a foregone conclusion and military readiness must be maintained. Washington also continued his efforts to improve the condition of his troops and insure a high state of morale. One of the ways he decided to accomplish the latter was to create, on 7 August 1782, a *Badge of Military Merit* for enlisted men who had performed bravely in combat.

Two men selected by a board of officers to receive this award were Sergeant Elijah Churchill of the 2nd Continental Light Dragoons and Sergeant William Brown, a member of the 5th Connecticut Regiment, Continental Line. Brown, a veteran of 18, had won praise for his bravery in the storming of Stony Point in 1779 and now was cited for gallantry in the trenches before Yorktown. Churchill had distinguished himself during attacks against two forts on Long Island.

On 3 May 1783 these men left the Continental Cantonment at New Windsor and reported to the nearby headquarters of Washington at the Hasbrouck House in Newburgh. There, before a guard mount of the 1st New York, the Commander-in-Chief awarded Sergeant Churchill (pictured on the right) and Sergeant Brown their badges. Surviving records for the period confirm the presentation of only one other Badge of Military Merit, and the decoration was not used at all after the end of the Revolutionary War. It was revived in February 1932 as the Purple Heart out of respect to Washington's memory and to his military achievements.

The ceremony, however, symbolized much more than recognition of two brave men. It represented the climax of the molding of a citizen army of volunteers and militia into a force that had fought on equal terms with one of the world's best armies, and in doing so, had played a vital role securing freedom and independence for themselves and their fellow citizens.





The Ballad of Weslie Brass

by Robert O. Dewey

INTRODUCTION

Why am I so swept up in the drum beat of this ballad? Why does reading it bring tears to my eyes? I feel something deep and unlike my usual pattern of thought, something out of my childhood. It is from what my mother call «elocation pieces» which she had recited and taught to me as we did dishes and other household chores. She had been an actress and elocation teacher before marrying my father and had recited ballads like this one in town halls and grange and church meetings in this part of New England. They always made me feel tearful and patriotic in ways which I have since come to regard as irrational.

They weren't all about wars, of course. Many conveyed ideas of hard work, honesty, Yankee ingenuity and family values. Parts of all are mixed in my memories to surface every once in a while. This must be part of the emotional baggage of my family of origin that I bring from the beginning to the end of this 20th century.

Natalie Birrell



It was a time for great rejoicing...in the spring of ninety eight...for Dewey having swept the seas...stood at Manila's gate...with the Naval War proceeding well...The Spanish fleet in hand...a surge of patriotic zeal...had spread across the land...«Remember The Maine»...the cry arose ...that treacherous affair...and a call for volunteers went out...for the nation to prepare...to end the Cuban tyranny...remove the Spanish blight...to liberate that sunny isle...and set this mischief right...

From the Berkshires to the River Towns ...throughout all Western Mass...among the first to heed the call...was a lad named Weslie Brass...He was Sam and Julia's only child...this Westfield native son...apprenticed to the barber trade...and just turned twenty one...who had early learned of soldiering...while on his father's knee...for his dad had served the Union Cause...in eighteen sixty three...

So he mustered with «I» Company...of the Second Regiment...and to boot camp down in Framingham...the volunteers were sent...Now Weslie not a robust lad ...was inclined to sickness...and his parents were beside themselves...so great was their distress...that his father journeyed down to camp...to reason with the lad...But Weslie would have none of it...and reassured his Dad...Never mind the little cold he had...the army life was great...His regiment would soon move south...and he could hardly wait...

En route from Boston to New York...he wrote his folks a letter...complained of feeling out of sorts...but was sure he'd soon be better...Still on the troop train headed south...there was fever and a chill...and his close friends came to realize...that «Wes» was gravely ill...and they came at last to Florida...to camp in Lakeland Town...with the port of Tampa near at hand...made it their staging ground...

And a city of white tents arose...'round Morton's muddy shore...but for Weslie in extremis now...there began a private war...and since bad news travels fast...it seemed all Lakeland came to know...a Yankee lad lay dying there...and it moved the mothers so...they pleaded for permission each...to take the young lad home...to nurse with tender loving care...as if he were their own...no need for that...the Chaplain said...looking rather glum...there was nothing they could do for him...that was not already done...for on this their second day in camp...while a thousand prayers were said...just before the sun went down...Poor Weslie Brass was dead...

Pneumonia...the surgeon said...as he sadly broke the news...and they washed and laid the body out...in uniform dress blues ...There was a little church just up the hill...almost by design...All Saints Episcopal by name...mid the scrub oak and the pine...so they took the body to the church...and with each a volunteer...an Honor Guard was posted there...surrounding Weslie's bier...and the next day just at sunset...the Colonel did command...the companies assembled...and with the marching band...the bells did toll and the drums did roll...and they came on up the hill...to flank the church



on all four sides...in a most impressive drill...

And all Lakeland gathered round the square...'twas such a splendid sight...to hear soft voices from the chancel sing...«Lead Kindly Light»...Then began the Prayer Book Office...for the burial of the dead...«I am the Resurrection and the Life»...the Chaplain read...When final taps had sounded...the Honor Guard came forth...to escort the body to the train...and begin the journey north...Now

Richard Harding Davis...a scribe of great renown...was there to catch the flavor...record the sight and sound...and scribbling through the service...with scarce a sideward glance...described it as a funeral fit...for a Grand Marshall of France...

And they brought him back to Westfield...where two hundred met the train...took him home to Crown Street...and as the family did ordain...he lay in state there overnite...while friends and neighbors grieved...And a steady stream passed in and out...to comfort the bereaved...Next day all Prospect Hill was there...from up and down the ridge...to watch the funeral cortege form...and cross Great River Bridge...Down Elm Street they proceeded...the Cadet Corps led the way...the Cleveland Wheel Band next in line...a Requiem did play...Then the caisson with an escort...artillery in train...townsfolk by the hundreds...and oh Lord didn't it rain...

At School Street by Grand Army Hall...a momentary pause...to be joined by fifty veterans...who had served the Union Cause...And they brought him to the First Methodist...the church just off the green...where a great crowd struggled to get in...a regular mob scene...The preacher spoke but briefly...The expected words were said...tween offered prayers the choir sang...and Bible texts were read...There was a viewing after service...as eventide drew near...and with the Honor Guard again in place...a thousand passed the bier...

When they took the body from the church...thunder filled the air...as a sharp nine gun salute went up from just across the square...and the line of march continued

...up Court Street to Pine Hill...with a large contingent following...despite the rain and chill...At graveside there were closing prayers...and again the guns did roar...as he came to rest...at his dad's request...by his mother gone before...in this the biggest funeral...ever seen in Westfield Town...He could not have been more honored...had the young man worn a crown...

No Spanish bullet claimed his life...or tropical disease...Rather Honor...Pride...Esprit de Corps...and Frailty...all of these...But there a certain glory shared...to turn the final page...for Weslie and the flag he served...in their strivings came of age...The second Massachusetts...did storm Cuba's southern shore...and was there at Santiago...to wind down the Island War...At a turning point in history...not so very long ago...a new world power had emerged...to strike a mortal blow...

Four score and seven years ago...to transpose Lincoln's date...these events occurred May twenty sixth...in eighteen ninety eight...in the northeast corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Lake Morton Drive in Lakeland Florida...there is an historical marker inscribed as follows:

«On this site in 1898 the Second Massachusetts Regiment encamped during the war with Spain...Private Weslie Brass died here and was given a funeral fit for a Marshall of France»

Weslie Brass was the only Westfield soldier to die during the War with Spain...The Reverend Robert O. Dewey...also a native of Westfield...is presently a staff member at All Saints Episcopal Church in Lakeland...

The Murrayfield Bell

Several months ago we ran a query for the Huntington Historical Society asking for information about the bell which hung in the old Murrayfield School that burned in the early 1940's. Since that time I ran across the following story in an early high school paper called the Amplifier. It was printed some-time in 1935.

It seems the bell was captured during the Civil War. In December 1861, Admiral David Farragut made an attempt to capture New Orleans. In April of the next year he ran his Federal fleet past the forts at the entrance of the Mississippi and seized New Orleans, which was occupied by the land forces under General Benjamin F. Butler, later a governor of Massachusetts. It was in this occupation that a bell was captured and sent to Huntington to be used as the grammar school bell. It was donated by James E. Collins of Trenton, New Jersey.

When the bell arrived, one of the ears was broken. When Mr. Collins learned this fact, he sent a piece of a cannon that had been captured at New Orleans. The bell was sent to New York to be recast with this piece of cannon; it was sent back to Huntington in the middle of the summer,

and was hung in the Murrayfield School.

Although the bell is hung in the cupola out of sight, it is heard regularly, and it is interesting to recall that the dulcet tones which call pupils to school in Huntington, Massachusetts, may once have sounded the call to arms to hot blooded sons of the South.

The story was not signed nor was there any mention as to where the author got his or her information. Is this account fact or fiction?

According to our history of the school it wasn't built until 1892. It still could be possible. If any one reading this can send us more information we will be happy to hear from you.

*Grace Wheeler
Editorial Board*

Pussy

by Helen Scott

As a child growing up in a suburb, my interest in cows was limited to one Guernsey which, in summer, was tethered under several Locust trees in a lot next to the icehouse run by the Dumbacher family to whom the cow belonged. I was fascinated by the bovine's remarkable ability to select the sweet tasting yellowish-white locust blossoms without piercing her long tongue with the accompanying sharp thorns.

After my husband and I had settled with our children on our Chester Hill farm, we had several cows which we boarded for their milk; this arrangement proved very unsatisfactory because we were given cows in the drying up stage. So, we purchased our beloved Beauty who gave us all the rich milk and cream we could possibly use.

She was due to calve one cold, mid-January night. I had gone to the barn at 10 p.m. and knew she'd calve before morning. The barn was unheated, but the two cows there had blankets on them, so I went back to the house and set the alarm for 1 a.m. Sure enough, the calf had arrived, and, after rubbing him dry, applying iodine to the navel cord, and tossing out

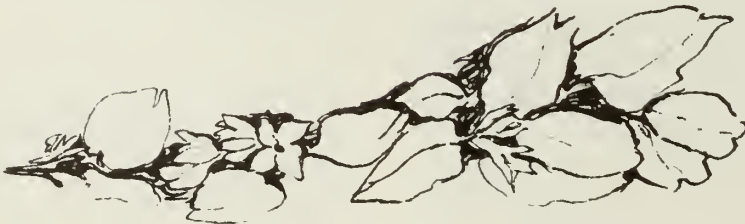
the afterbirth, I returned to the house for a bucket of warm water for Beauty.

Upon my return trip, I noticed a pair of cat's eyes where I'd tossed the cleanings; calling to it, I moved closer to see which of our own cats it was. The full blast of scent hit my face, hair and barn coat.

Being sprayed at such close range by a wood-pussy was bad enough, but the creature tried to gnaw the barn door after I'd hooked it from the inside! To open the door to return to the house would have been folly; the skunk snorted, gnawed and bumped the door for quite awhile.

Beauty and her calf were in their pen, so I lay in the bedding hay next to Erste until lights came on in the house. Still not daring to open the barn door, I blinked the S.O.S. signal with the barn lights until one son came to my rescue.

True, we had a good laugh about Mom's being trapped in the barn by a skunk, but it meant washing my hair in ammonia water to mitigate the powerful, offensive odor, burning coat, clothes and head scarf, in addition to applying generous amounts of perfume before leaving for my teaching position.





Journey Into Spring

by Jessie Terry Olcott

*In leisurely fashion my three-way heart,
Having seen the white doors of winter
 open and close,
Begins its journey into Spring.
I leave, almost reluctantly, the soft
 beginnings of Cape Cod Spring.
I travel with it as it passes on
To my cottage in the hill town valley.*

*Here again I savor Spring, as it creeps up
 the valleys
And climbs the Berkshire Hills.
While I pause here for a short time
The lilacs, amethyst and white, nod
 sweetly to each other
From opposite sides of the grassy path
And the white birch sways gently over a
 drift of daffodils.
The stone slab that forms the doorstep
Has the initials, G.O., carefully chiseled
By the hands of a small boy, here to live
 forever
As long as the stone shall last.
Now the electricity of the first April
 thunder shower
Permeates the freshening air. Its rumbles
 die down.*

*The last part of the journey
Takes me high in the hills to
 Glimmerglass House
On the edge of the lake, or as we call it,
 Big Pond.
Spring is still on the move.
It has just begun all over again at Big Pond.
The swamp pink blooms fragrantly by the
 granite doorstep.
Across the end of the step I see again the
 "flying white horse"
Embedded in its blue gray prison.
The laurels at the landing
Lift aloft their masses of rosy upside-
 down umbrellas.
The pines converse softly with each other
On either side of the drive.
The wrens sing all day long.
There at last at Big Pond, my journey
 into Spring
Comes to an end.
Spring merges into summer without my
 knowing the exact day,
But on one lovely afternoon, summer has
 come,
And I know spring is over.*



Diary of Henry Jesse Sumner

from Milton, Mass.
Company B, 45th Mass.

Contributed by Pam Donovan Hall

Part II

Continued from Winter Issue of 1985-1986

1863

January 1st, 1863 Today is the beginning of another (year) and under what circumstances do I find myself: Far different from a year ago today — in a foreign country, far away from home and friends, fighting for my country's rights, hoping I may live to go home again among loving friends. I have done nothing but drill in skirmish drill. The weather is cold now and windy, a good deal colder than we have been having.

January 2nd Today is a warm and pleasant one. We had skirmish drill this morning and brigade drill this afternoon; then dress parade. I can't say that I feel very well today as I have a severe cold.

January 3rd Today the pay master came here and paid us from the time we went to the camp, Sept. 12th, to the first of November — \$21.20. We did expect to get pay only from the time we were sworn Sept. 26th. In one or two days, he is going to give us 2 more months pay. \$10.00 of mine I shall send home. The weather is warm and pleasant.

January 4th Today has been pleasant but windy. We had inspection this morning and a meeting this afternoon and in the evening we had services in our barracks.

January 5th Today has been another pleasant day. I am on guard today.

January 6th Today is wet and stormy. I came on guard this morning. My place was to guard Company P barracks, they having been sent to Morehead in place of Company A which is coming back.

January 7th Today has been very cool but pleasant. This morning I went to Newbern. I had two *ambrotype taken — very good ones which I am going to send home. I also went and saw my brother and found him well. I must say that Newbern is the most distant place I ever was in for a city. This afternoon, I went on brigade drill and dress parade.

January 8th Today has been pleasant. We had battalion drill this morning under Major Sturgis. In the afternoon, we had it under Lieut. Colonel. I wrote to Johnny Hutchinson.

January 9th Today has been all sorts of weather — snow, rain, and sunshine. It is the first snow of the season and did not snow but a little. We had battalion drill this morning and battalion skirmish drill this afternoon. They drilled us very hard today. This evening, I went to prayer meeting at Co. A Barracks and had a very interesting meeting.

January 10th This morning was pleasant but cloudy. We had battalion drill this afternoon and it has been wet and rainy. I have done nothing but read. We had no dress parade.

January 11 Today has been pleasant and warm. This morning we had inspection and this afternoon we had meeting and dress parade. This evening we had meeting at Co. A Barracks and a very interesting one it was. One young man came forward for prayers.

January 12th Today has been warm and pleasant. We had battalion drill this morning but I did not drill as I was washing my clothes. In the afternoon, we had a long severe brigade drill. General Foster was here looking on. In the evening, we had a negro dance and it is amusing to see the antics they go through. I wrote to Becky and sent her my *ambrotype.

January 13th January 13th Today has been very warm and pleasant. I was on police duty today. This morning, the company had drill. In the afternoon, they had battalion drill. This evening, we had prayer meeting at Co. D Barracks and a very interesting one it was. I wrote to Sarah and sent her my *ambrotype.

January 14th Today has been warm and pleasant. We had battalion drill this morning. This afternoon, we did nothing. This evening got orders to have 3 days' rations and be ready to start on a march at 5 in the morning.

January 15th Today opened wet and

rainy. We were routed out at 5 o'clock and formed a line. Then we marched back to the barracks to hold ourselves in readiness to start at a moment's notice if it cleared off. At half past 10 we again went as it looked like clearing and just as we started it commenced and we came back to the barracks and stayed here the rest of the day. We intend to start tomorrow morning. It continued raining by spells all day. We got mail today. I got 3: one from Frank and Sarah and Becky. We had dress parade tonight I wrote to Becky.

January 16th Today as been very wet and stormy. We got no orders to start today and this afternoon, we drilled in the manual. I wrote to Mary and to Frank. In the evening, we had a negro dance.

January 17th This morning opened pleasant. At 5 we were routed out and ordered to get ready to march. We started about 8 o'clock and ours and Co. F were ordered to go ahead as skirmishers. We did not come across anything today and encamped about 5 o'clock at Pollocksville.

January 18th This morning, we started at 7 o'clock, the 43rd in advance as skirmishers. We left our baggage wagons at Pollocksville with five Co. of the 51st to guard them. We met nothing until about 10 o'clock when two men came up with a flag of truce — for what I don't know. We passed some splendid plantations on our way, much handsomer than any we saw on our last expedition. We arrived at Trenton about half past two and encamped there. Our object in coming here was to destroy two bridges which we did. Trenton is small but very pretty place. It is regularly laid out — the streets run parallel with each other.

January 19th We left Trenton about 7 o'clock. We halted twice before we got to Pollocksville. Just as we started, we burnt

a large grist mill and destroyed a dam and a saw mill and a jail. About 9 o'clock, we came across a handsome plantation with considerable cotton stored on it. We burnt the building containing it. We arrived at Pollocksville at 12 o'clock and went into camp. We burnt about two thirds of the town this afternoon.

January 20th We left Pollocksville at 7 and started toward Onville. We went to Young's Station about 8 miles. It commenced raining soon after we started. We got to Young's Station at 12 and soon after it cleared off for 2 hours, then commenced to rain harder than before. The cavalry went on further and burnt some salt works and captured 3 or 4 prisoners. We built a shelter tent of our blanket and got along very comfortable.

January 21st Today (it) is still raining. We started home at quarter before nine through mud up to our ankles and in some places water above our knees. We halted for dinner, then pushed on and got home at half past five after marching 22 miles, and tired enough we were too.

January 22nd Today it is still raining and very cold. I got a box from home full of good things and all are in good order which comes in the nick of time after living on nothing but *hard tack for a week. I wrote to Mary, *Mira and Becky today.

January 23rd Today is wet and stormy. We had battalion drill this afternoon and dress parade this evening.

January 24th Today has been cloudy. I went to the surgeon's for the first time. I have got a severe cold so that I can't speak out loud. We had dress parade and got orders to get ready to (go to) Newbern to do *provost duty. I wrote to Frank.

January 25th Today is pleasant and warm. I dont feel much better today. This is my 24th birthday. We had inspection this morning and dress parade this

evening.

January 26th Today has been a warm and pleasant day. We started for Newbern at 9 this morning and have got very comfortable quarters on the corner of Johnson St. and Ceraven in a large white house lit with gas. We had dress parade this evening. We had it on Pollick Street.

January 27th Today opened pleasant and this afternoon it was showery. I cleaned out our room today and washed windows. We did nothing but fix up our quarters today and there wasn't any dress parade.

January 28th Today has been wet and stormy. I stayed in the barracks all except at dress parade. I went out to that but there was none. I wrote to Edger Carpenter and to Mary and Becky.

January 29th Today has been pleasant and cool. I was on guard today. For the first time, I had a very good post — in a bake house! There was ten prisoners brought in town today. They were captured near Trenton. There was a party out skirmishing and they saw two on post with *sentinels on them. They sent eight men round to capture them and they went too far and came across the relief who were playing cards. Our men drewed up close to them. Then they gave a yell and rushed on them and took them, the whole consisting of 8 men. Then two of our men jumped on some horses that was there and rode them down to tell their Captain. They came across the other two and took them as they mistook them for rebel cavalry. The eight said, "You have enclosed us."

January 30th Today has been pleasant and warm. I came off guard at 10 o'clock. In the afternoon, (we had) brigade drill up on our old drill ground. They have built a fort there since we left.

January 31st Today has been pleasant

and warm. I had a pass today to go downtown. We had no drill today except dress parade. Today ends my birth month. Most of my birthdays were spent at home, two in Taunton, one in North Carolina and where will my next be? Yesterday I wrote to Mother.

Feb. 1st Today has been pleasant and cool. I was on guard today — post no. 10, corner of Hancock and Pollock St.

Feb. 2nd Today has been stormy and wet. We had dress parade. Today commenced by being stormy, but it cleared off by noon. I came off guard at 10 o'clock. We had brigade drill this afternoon.

Feb. 3rd Today commenced by being stormy. It commenced to snow by 5 in the morning and we had a regular northwest windstorm which lasted until noon. Then it changed over. It was cold work standing on guard.

Feb. 4th Today has been cold but pleasant. I came off guard at 10 o'clock. We had dress parade in the afternoon.

Feb. 5th Today has been very wet and stormy. I am on guard today and it has rained hard all day. This afternoon, I arrested a naval officer for being drunk in a drinking saloon. I was on post 4, 2nd district. I got two letters today, one from Becky and one from Sarah.

Feb. 6th Today is wet and stormy. It rained all night. I came off guard at 10 o'clock. We had no dress parade today.

Feb. 7th Today is pleasant and warm. I went on guard to be the first one on the railroad bridge and I wrote to Sarah today.

Feb. 8th Today is another pleasant and warm day. I came off guard at 10 o'clock. In the afternoon, I went over to the 5th Regiment to see my brother and then he and I went up to the 43rd and 17th camp.

Feb. 9th Today has been pleasant and

warm. I was on guard today — post 25 at the Sisters of Mercy. The regiment had battalion drill and dress parade in the afternoon.

Feb. 10th Today has been very warm and pleasant. We had battalion drill this afternoon and dress parade. I came off guard at 10 o'clock.

Feb. 11 Today is pleasant and warm. I am on guard today — post 29 on the wharf. I got a letter from Sarah and Becky today.

Feb. 12th Today is pleasant and very warm. I came off guard at 10 o'clock. Last night, one of the guards was shot at by one of the 3rd N.Y. Cavalry, but he turned the pistol away just in time to save his life. He then, with the assistance of another sentinel, arrested him and had him put in irons. This afternoon, we had battalion drill and dress parade. One of our boys named Henry Snow had 4 hour knapsack drill for leaving his post while on duty. I wrote to Sarah and Becky today.

Feb. 13th Today has been warm and pleasant. I was on guard at the 2nd section, post 14 in the depot. The depot is very much like the one at Taunton. Nothing of interest transpired today. The boys had brigade drill in the afternoon. I got sick of that. I do hate brigade drill.

Feb. 14th Today has been another warm day. I came off guard at half past 9 and after cleaning our guns, I got a pass. I went to Fort Totten and it is a magnificent fort mounting about sixty guns. We then went down on the wharf. Then we went on dress parade. The 58th Pennsylvania Regiment brought in 15 prisoners yesterday. They had shot (at) one of their tents and they jumped and grabbed what guns they could and fired a volley. Then two companies of the 58 charged on them and took them prisoners, except the captain who jumped on his horse bareback and fired his revolver and skeedad-

dled, leaving a handsome saddle behind. There were 45 prisoners. 80 stacks of arms, blankets, pistols — all of which they burnt except what they could bring with them. The prisoners are a dirty, greasy looking set.

Feb. 15th Today has been pleasant and warm until afternoon when it clouded up and rained. The Co. went to meeting in the afternoon and dress parade. Then I, with two or three others, went to meeting.

Feb. 16th Today has been wet and stormy. I was on guard today — post 5, on the wharf. The regiment went on brigade drill and fired 16 rounds of blank cartridges.

Feb. 17th Today is still wet and stormy. I came off guard at half past 9. It rained all day.

Feb. 18th Today is another wet and stormy one. I am again on guard — post 2, inside guarding the prisoners in the guard house. I am lucky today being in out of the rain.

Feb. 19th Today is pleasant. I came off guard at half past nine. I have been making *rings. I have made one and most finished another. We had no dress parade today. This evening I went to a lecture by Mr. Stone and I liked it very much.

Feb. 20th Today has been a lovely day — warm and pleasant. I am on guard today — post 21, 1st district. The regiment had brigade drill this afternoon.

Feb. 21st Today is another lovely day. It is just like spring. The grass is growing green fast and dandelions are in bloom. I came off guard at half past 9. We have dress parade this evening.

Feb. 22nd Today is wet and stormy. It's Washington's birthday and they are celebrating it by firing guns and ringing bells. I am on guard — post 9, 3rd district.

Feb. 23rd Today is pleasant but very

cool. I came off guard at half past 9. Last night it cleared off cold. Today, we had battalion drill in the afternoon and had a fireman parade here. First came the Atlantic engine with company dress in red shirts and blue pants; then came the Foster Hose Carriage; then came another hose carriage; they were all finely decorated. They marched in front of Gen. Foster's quarters and saluted him. They had with them two bands of music.

Feb. 24th Today has been a splendid day. I am on guard — post 3, third district. I arrested one man for being without a pass. The regiment had dress parade.

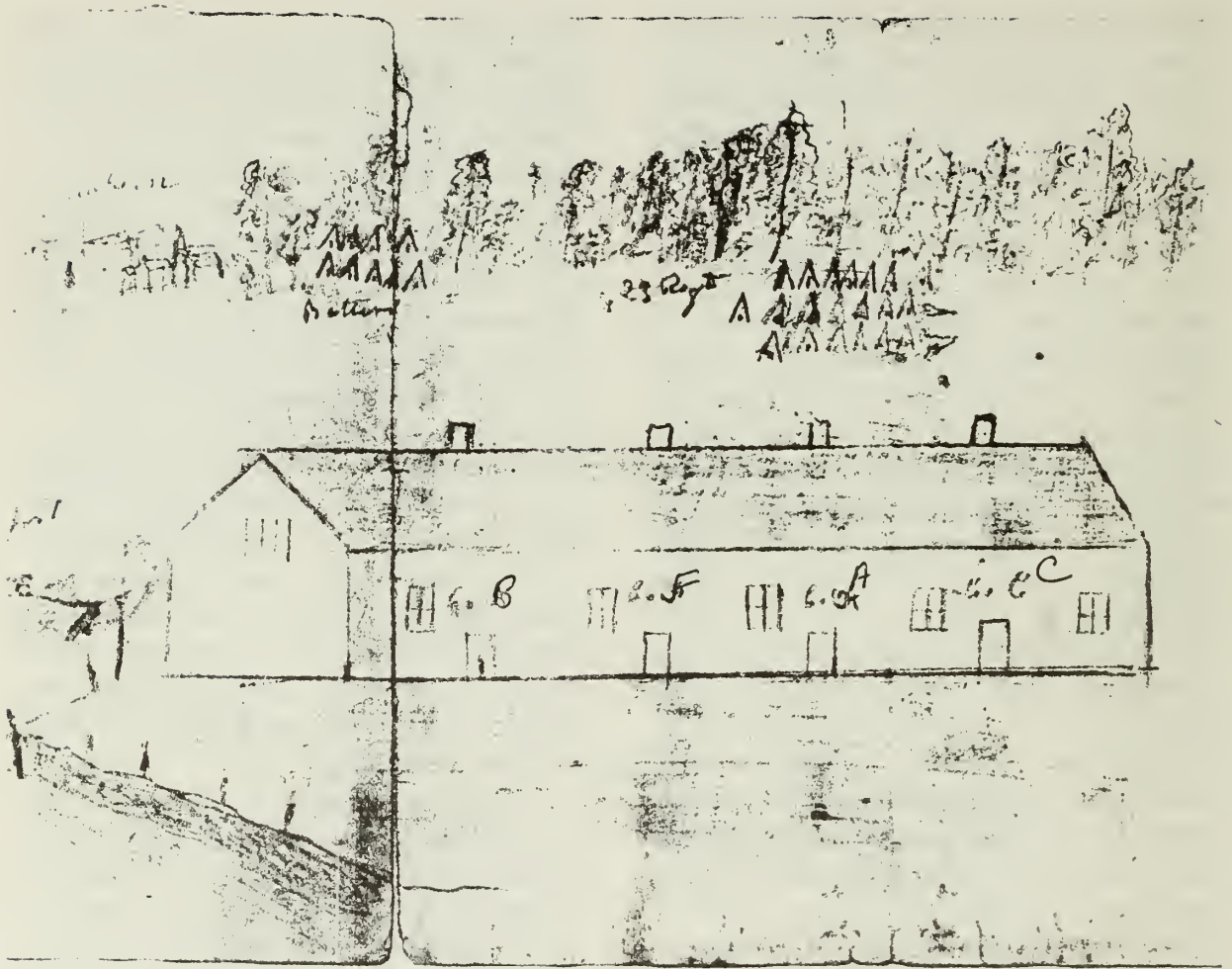
Feb. 25th Today has been another lovely day. We had to remain on guard today on account of a review of the whole 18th Army Corps Cavalry Artillery Infantry and all. We got relieved at half past 5 p.m. and don't feel tired at all.

Feb. 26th Today is a wet and stormy one. We had guard mounting at half past 12. I was on guard — post 7, third district. It rained hard all the time I was on.

Feb. 27th Today has been another nasty, wet day. I came off guard at half past 9. This afternoon, we had Co. drill and a dress parade of our own, consisting of 3 companies; Co's F, E, and C. It went off first rate. I wrote to Sarah, Becky, and received one from each and also Frank.

Feb. 28th Today has been very wet and stormy. I was on guard — post 13, 2nd district. It was the nastiest day I was ever on, and I had no shelter at all. I got a letter from *Mira today and one from Sarah.

March 1st Today is Sunday. This morning was cloudy but it cleared off by noon very pleasantly. The regiment went to church with our full equipments on, with guns, and made a parade of ourselves. We had to stand up. Now I don't enjoy myself in going to meeting that way. It takes all the enjoyment away from it. I went to prayer meeting in the evening and enjoyed it very



Camp on Bank of Treat River near Fort Gaston

copy of actual drawing by Henry Sumner

much. We had dress parade this afternoon.

March 2nd Today has been a very pleasant day. I was on guard at 3rd district, post 7. We made about 7 arrests during the day. The night was a splendid moonlight one. The regiment had brigade drill in the afternoon.

March 3 Today has been another day like yesterday. I came off guard at 10 a.m. This afternoon, we had drill in the manual and dress parade. One of our boys was detailed to go to Fortress Monroe with some prisoners. I should like to go very much just to see the fortress.

March 4 Today has been cold but pleasant. I was on guard — 3rd district, post 12. We had a very quiet time. The regiment had brigade drill.

March 5th Today has been another pleasant and cool day. I came off guard at 10 o'clock p.m. This afternoon we had battalion drill, practiced street firing, and then dress parade this evening. I went to prayer meeting and enjoyed it very much.

March 6 Today has been very warm and pleasant. There was an expedition started from here towards Kent county. When they got near there, they had a skirmish

with the enemy and lost 11 killed and wounded. One (was) dressed in woman's clothes with a *captains commision and cartridges. I was on guard today — post 3, second district.

March 7th Today has been another warm and pleasant day. I came off guard at half past 9. This afternoon, I went up to the 5th Regiment. The Company had dress parade at 5. I went down to see how they drilled and I think they do first rate. I went up to the 5th Regiment to see my brother and found him well.

March 8th Today has been very warm indeed. I was on guard today — post 13, 1st district. The day passed off without anything occurring worthy of notice. The regiment attended church and had dress parade.

March 9th Today has been a fine warm day, although it bid fair to be wet this a.m. as it is cloudy but it cleared off pleasant. We had brigade drill this afternoon. I wrote to Sarah today.

March 10 Today has been wet and stormy. I was on guard — post 31, at the jail. There was 7 rebels brought in yesterday, among them a Lieutenant. They were taken at Onville by the cavalry last night. We had a heavy thunder shower and a vessel was struck by lightning which took off her top mast.

March 11th This morning opened wet and stormy but in the p.m. it cleared pleasant and warm, I came off guard at 9 o'clock. Last night, the expedition which went up to Onville came back with what success I did not hear. We had dress parade in the evening.

March 12th Today has been pleasant and cool. I am on guard today — post 11, 3rd district at the paymasters. The regiment had battalion drill in the afternoon and dress parade.

March 13th Today has been cold but pleasant. I came off guard at 10 o'clock,

and this afternoon, we had brigade drill and a hard one too. Pretty much all of it was double quick. The rebels attacked our pickets and 40 rounds of cartridges was given for fear of an attack.

March 14th Today has been very pleasant but cool. The rebels attacked this place this morning early. They were on the opposite side of the river. They had sixteen pieces of artillery and 4 regiments. We had one regiment over there with breast works around them. The enemy asked them to surrender 3 times and they refused to. They then commenced to shell them out. Their aim was bad. They fired too high. Their shot and shell most all struck over the camp in the water. Our gunboats went to their assistance and made some splendid shots. There was firing on both sides all day, but the rebels left without any damage except one man killed and 4 wounded. The rebels lost 7 killed and 40 wounded as near as we could find out. They left 4 *brass howitzer sticking in the mud and couldn't get them out. The rebels also attacked us on this side with six pieces of artillery at Deep Gully, about 8 miles from here, but were drove back. It was a year ago today that Newbern was taken and the rebels said we should not have it over again, but I guess we shall get it. We expect another attack every minute. I was on guard today, post 3, 2nd district. I got a good breakfast. While on my beat, the regiment had dress parade. We were going to have a review to celebrate the taking of Newbern, but was countermanded on account of the attack. I received two letters from Sarah, one from Becky, one from Ed Carpenter.

March 15th Today has been a pleasant, warm day. I came off guard at 10. We went to meeting in afternoon and had dress parade in the evening.

March 16th Today has been warm and pleasant. I am on guard today, 1st district

as *supernumery, and they put me in orderly for the provost marshall. I was there all day; then in the evening I went up to the jail and stood four hours guarding the rebels, 40 in number. There was two brought in today. The regiment had company drills and dress parade.

March 17th Today has been another pleasant one. I came off guard at 9 o'clock. This afternoon, we had company drill and dress parade in the evening.

March 18th Today has been pleasant and very warm. I was on guard today, post 1, first district. I turned out the guard twice — once for Gen. Foster, and (once) for officer of the day. The regiment had brigade drill in the afternoon.

March 19th Today has been wet, cold and stormy. Last night about 7 o'clock, it commenced to rain and came up very cold. I came off guard at 10 o'clock. This afternoon, we had battalion drill. I wrote to Sarah today.

March 20th Today has been another cold and stormy day. I was on guard today — post 5, 3rd district. I wrote to Mary and Sue Bowman.

March 21st Today it is still cold and stormy. I came off guard at half past 9. It had rained all day.

March 22nd Today has been cloudy most of the day, but it cleared off in the afternoon, and was very pleasant and warm. I am on guard today, Post 8, second district. I went to a negro meeting in the afternoon while I was off duty and it was the greatest meeting I ever attended.

March 23rd Today has been very warm and pleasant. I came off guard at 10 o'clock and in the afternoon we had company drill and dress parade.

March 24 Today has been pleasant and warm until 4 in the afternoon when it commenced raining. I was on guard, post 27, 1st district. The regiment had company drill.

March 25th Today has been pleasant and warm. I came off guard at 10 o'clock. This afternoon, I went up to see my brother in the 5th regiment and found him well. I got a letter from Sarah and Frank. We had dress parade in the evening.

March 26th Today has been pleasant and warm. I was on guard, post 5, 1st section. I confiscated a bottle of whiskey and dried apples. The regiment had brigade drill.

March 27th Today has been pleasant and warm. I came off guard at half past 9. We had battalion drill and dress parade. I wrote to Sarah yesterday.

March 28th Today has been pleasant until afternoon when we had a smart shower. I was on guard — post 6, third district. It was rainy most all night.

March 29th Today has been stormy all day. I came off guard at half past nine. I went to a negro meeting.

March 30th Today has been cold and pleasant until evening, when it commenced to raining. I was on guard — post 1, second district.

March 31st Today has been cloudy all day. I came off guard at half past 9. The regiment had inspection yesterday and dress parade today. We had heavy inspection this afternoon. I wrote to Becky. We had dress parade this evening.

to be continued

— DEFINITIONS —

ambrotype — early photograph made on glass by backing a thin negative with a black surface.

hard tack — substance; stuff; used as food.

debates done for entertainment —
were 4 hours long.
captain's commission — paper proving
captain status
brass howitzer — artillery cannons
(guns)
supernumery — the soldier who was
picked the best of the regiment — an
honor to be chosen.

Mira — his sister
provost duty — MP duty; guarding
town
sentinels — guards
rings — actual rings made from a special
root, woven or carved
meetings — religious; regiment;

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SEBERRY FISH buried Westhampton
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his wife as Hannah Hull married 1787,
but DAR records show his wife as
ELIZABETH GREEN, which is
correct? Would like to hear from any one
with information on this man.

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100 Sly Run Place
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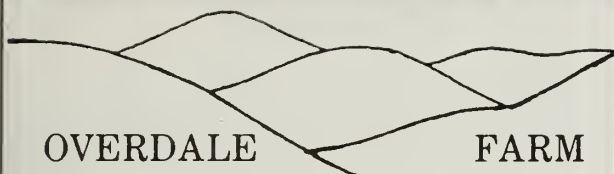
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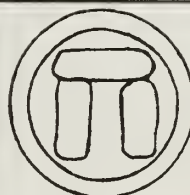
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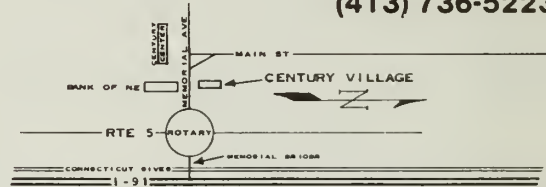
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